The Salt Lake Tribune.

How He "Gave Himself Away!"

What Was Poor, Beautiful Jobyna Howland to Think When Husband Arthur Stringer Told Her That He Adored Her, and Then Wrote That Women Weren't Necessary to Poets—COULD Any Wife Stand For It?

Mr. Stringer Was Puzzling. First He Praised Her Beauty and Then He Eulogized Pur e Ugliness. Mrs. Stringer Saw Him Running in a Circle Around the Two Constantly.

Up and down Broadway, where beautiful Jobyna Howland is playing in "The Painted Woman;" and throughout the book world, where Arthur Stringer's latest book, "The Shadow," is accounted a classic of criminology, there is well sustained gossip that has passed into certainty: "The Stringers have separated."

Last week Arthur Stringer, the poet, essayist and novelist, left New York and established a residence in Detroit. This with the consent of Mrs. Stringer; object, ultimate divorce. Friends of both say: "It is a pity, after twelve years together." Then a friend remembers that already they have separated twice and recalls the saw about the third time being the effective one in all enterprises. And in chorus they exclaim: "But you cannot blame her. Remember how he was always giving himself away!"

Not that Mr. Stringer was ever suspected of unfaithfulness, nor even flirtatiousness. Banish the thought! But he kept continually saying one thing and writing another, and Mrs. Stringer, quite as well known by her professional name, Jobyna Howland, never knew where she stood in the interest or affection of her author spouse. She feared no human rival, but was jealous of his ideas. Of a surpassing beauty herself, she had no need to dread the oft-quoted "younger and prettier woman."

They who were often termed "the handsomest couple in New York" divided upon the rock of her husband's literary inconsistencies! By the incongruities between what he did and what he wrote were they parted.

Consider the position of Mrs. Stringer. Denver had long ago crowned her its most beautiful girl. Charles Dana Gibson chose her for a model and it was her divine height, six feet two inches, her haughty uptilt of the chin, her supercilious curve of the lips, that inspired him to draw the type that was first of the long chain of typical girls, the Gibson girl. She met Arthur Stringer at a literary and artistic assemblage in Washington Square, where artists and writing folk are wont to gather. The poet fell instantly in love with the charms made famous by Gibson's crayon.

Directly afterward he wrote his impressions of Miss Howland, which were soon quoted in print.

Wrote he, and on this one occasion what he said and what he wrote were identical, else Miss Howland, always an imperious beauty, might not have considered his early, impassioned, almost premature proposal.

"Lips that curve deliciously, vividly carmine, hiding Hogarth's four line of beauty: challenging, imperious, tender; eyes that are tender, tawny, shadowy, tigerish, one moment the eyes of Artemis of the Arcadians, and the next those of the brooding Juno of the Romans, sometimes languorously alert, sometimes indolently museful, quiescently sorrowful, yet opalescent always, with dormant and dangerous fires; hair that is golden, heavy, luxuriant, like that of Homer's Helen; a neck like the daughter of Diana, supple, full-throated, towerlike; brow rather low and broad, not unlike Venus of Milo, with the coldness of the classic profile, endeared and humanized by a womanish dimple; tall, in truth, tall as a daughter of the gods, tall enough to have delighted one of those old Greeks who left their broken dreams of beauty in the Parthenon of the Athenian Acropolis; tempestuous, subdued, affectionate, tyrannical, loving, incongruous, inscrutable—the last strange gift of the gods—a lovely woman!"

So he wrote of her, and of course she married him. What woman would not wed a man who declared himself upon such a platform as that?

They were married and lived happily, for a year or two; might have lived happily ever after. But Mr. Stringer would write. Their first quarrel occurred because of a line she discovered in his manuscript. She had glanced at it to see that nothing was amiss in her lord's spelling or punctuation when she encountered this:

"Ugly women make the best matches. The beauty attracts the sort of man who marries actresses or show girls, the kind who likes to display his matrimonial spoils."

"My dear," reports of that first quarrel have it, Mrs. Stringer said, looking at him with eyes that were "tawny, shadowy, tigerish, the eyes of Artemis of the Arcadians," "whom have you quoted here?"

The author, looking up from the pipe inseparable from his work, responded, ""From your lord and master, my dear."

"But in your apostrophe of me, written before our marriage, you declared a lovely woman is the last great gift of the gods. Which do you mean?"

It must be said, unromantic climax to their wooing that it was, that the poet first chuckled, then, settling into a big chair by the fire, fell into an indifferent but loud slumber.

Mrs. Stringer played an emotional role, passing from tears to rage. Could her sleeping spouse have seen her he would have acknowledged that he wrote the truth when he said her eyes are "tigerish." But brief is the storm in early married life, and Mrs. Stringer forgot, or seemed to forget. No woman ever does forget.

Like most poets Arthur Stringer could make love as though he were born to it. And he did. If Mrs. Stringer asked the feminine and wifely question "Do you still love me?" he would answer: "I will adore you until the last drop of blood has passed from my heart," or in phrase equally poetical and impossible.

Yet there would stare at his wife from a page of a magazine in an article signed by her liege the traitorous sentiment:

"No woman should plume herself on a poet's love. To him she is merely the key that unlocks his imagination."

With finger on the telltale page and tawny eyes flashing, the author's wife would say: "Do you mean this?" And he, elusive one, would reply, with a smile designed to be engaging: "Dearest, does not a man always mean what he writes?"

"Then he doesn't mean what he says?" she would demand. Again she received the unsatisfying response of a chuckle followed by a snore.

When she wore a handsome new Paris creation" he would say: "My darling, I love you in that gorgeous gown." But that did not prevent her finding among the notes, when she placed his desk in order that afternoon, the note unmistakably in his handwriting:

"Woman finding herself with no resource except to appeal to her possessor's imagination, was coerced into a display of those attributes which would most effectively and permanently placate a somewhat capricious master. She acquired the dazzle habit. And as mating became more competitive she realized the advantage of ornamentation, of adding fictitious value to her person by the things with which she adorned it. Out of this was born the parade instinct in woman."

She gasped when she discovered the title under which he gathered this and other self-illuminating remarks. It was "The Woman Barbarous."

What could a woman believe? He said this, he wrote that, and he refused to explain the incongruity. Brooding, she decided that he could not. The differences were irreconcilable. She had married a monster, a monster of inconsistency! Verily, the inconsistencies of men are great and many, while those of women are small and few!

"The greatest thing in the world is a woman and you are the greatest of all women," her poet spouse might rhapsodize, but of what avail was that when there struck her as a blow from a page surmounted by his name:

"The unequivocally great women of recorded time could be inscribed on a sheet of paper no bigger than this printed page."

And there appeared neither her name nor any hint of her in the list that followed.

Man the irresponsible. Every woman loves to hear the man of her heart say: "Angel of goodness, I worship you." But why should Mr. Stringer waste valuable breath in such assertions when in his Irish poems he finishes his verses on "Wimmin Folk" with this:

"For when gerrls love ye well, my lad,
They're thrue to nayther law nor letter.
'Tis when they're most disheartenin' bad
Ye'll learn to love such angels betther."

Mr. Stringer grew quite accustomed to hearing a half-sobbing exclamation, "Oh, Arthur!" after his wife had cut the leaves of his latest book, or had dipped into his latest magazine article. And having nothing to say, he said it. But next day he wrote: "Who can restrain a poet? Himself least of all."

"It is because Jobyna persists in staying on the stage," was the conjecture of a few friends, when they heard of the packing of many determined trunks in the Stringer household. But long ago the poet withdrew his objection to his beautiful wife's gracing the boards. True, he preferred his quiet pipe by the fire, six months a year on the home farm at Cedar Springs, Canada, a permanent roof, a growing family, but this is an age of individualism, and he recognized his wife's right to develop her individuality.

It was that pen of his, that runaway pen, that always outstripped his tongue, that made his life and works a trial balance sheet, criscrossed with errors, they agree caused the parting of the ways.

She heard him vow love undying, eternal, and watched him write rollicking verse inspired by the cartoon of a man standing beside a tombstone of his wife, watch in impatient hand.

He lauded her beauty. He told her it was a gift of the gods. He said he was proud to be the husband of one of the most beautiful women in America. But he wrote this:

"The beautiful woman begins life wrong. If she has intellect it atrophies through inaction, for to succeed she has only to smile, for a time, a very little time, as compared with the long stretch of a woman's life."

Who can blame Mrs. Stringer if she muttered "Wretch!" through her et teeth as viciously as did the villain in the theatre where she was playing.

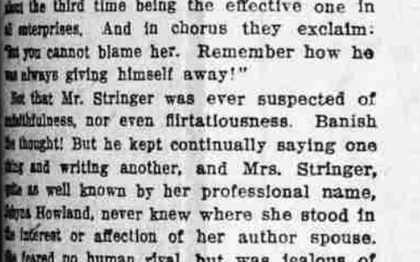
He might vow eternal fidelity, but of what avail when he wrote for this newspaper:

"The beautiful woman wins a husband. The ugly woman keeps him."

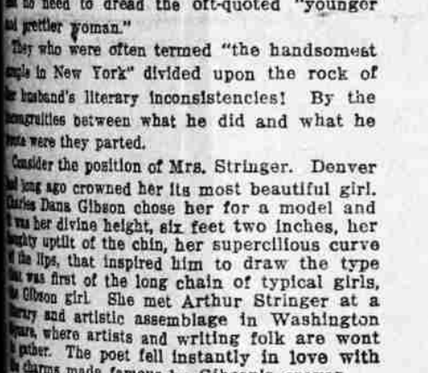
Mrs. Stringer had a healthy ambition for continued success on the stage. Yet her husband wrote:

"The ugly women are the prize winners of the world. Who so great as Bernhardt, and who so ugly and of so compelling fascination?"

And since Mrs. Stringer didn't know which statements he meant, oral or written, and since Mr. Stringer didn't seem to know, or wouldn't admit he did, Mr. Stringer has gone to Detroit, and Mrs. Stringer remains in New York. After a year, probably divorce, with Mr. Stringer's verses and essays as corespondents.



Subject to sudden fits of violent rage over trifles," Was Mr. Stringer, Just After He Had Told His Wife She Was ALWAYS "Adorable."



"Woman has never developed since man first conquered her. She still waits happily for him to answer his goods on her," Wrote Mr. Stringer.

"Woman's Idea of Pure Devotion Is to Keep a Man Waiting for Hours and Expect Him to Be Happy," Wrote Mr. Stringer After Vowing Enormous Devotion.

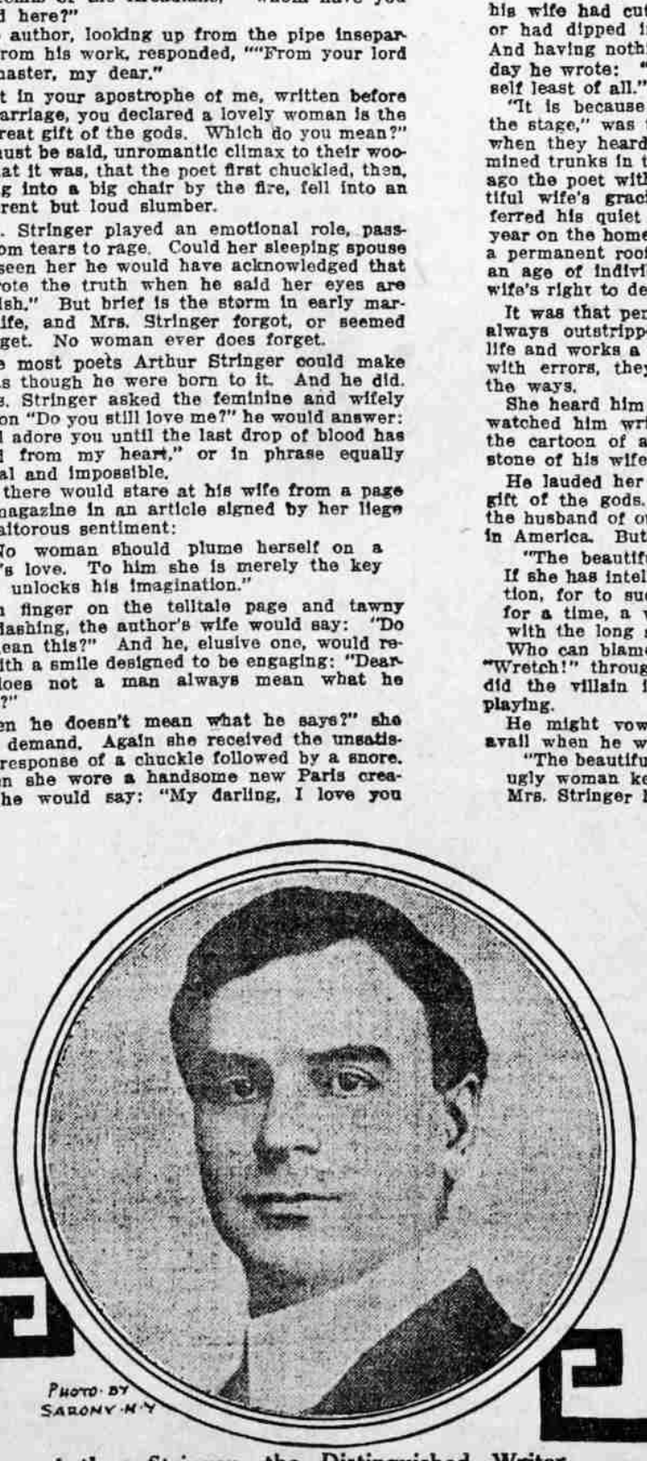


PHOTO BY SARONY N.Y.

Arthur Stringer, the Distinguished Writer, Whose Literary Ideas Have Broken Up His Home.

Jobyna Howland the Beautiful Wife of Poet and [illegible] hed Husband Bec[illegible] Stringer. Wh[illegible]